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## London Prep



romance

adventure

anime

664 63 62

### Chapter 1 by Phantim

Beep. Beep. Beep.

The Alarm clock rings.

"Ugh... nooooo..." a boy moans from under the blankets.

This boy is Rory and today is supposed to be his first day at at his new high-school, London Prep Academy. It will be his first day if he gets up on time. Ahem, /if he gets up on time.../

The boy crawls out of the covers wearing just a pair of boxers. He continues to crawl until he is in the bathroom. He rolls into the shower then uses his foot to kick on the hot water.

He looks down realizing he forgot to take off his boxers. /Oh well/, he thinks as the hot water soaks him.

Thirty minutes later he is on the bus to school, it is crowded as usual. The students have packed almost the entire bus. Still, through the crowds he sees the most beautiful girl, she is just looking out the window. If there is such thing as love at first sight, he was feeling it. To top things off she was wearing his school uniform. This year might not be so bad after all he thought.

"Dear god, if you are real. Please help me out..." he whispered before taking a step forward.

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He shook her hand, staring into her hazelnut eyes. "I thought that maybe, we would be in class together?" Rory motioned to their matching uniforms.

"Oh! Ya it's possible..." Mishella was looking in another direction, absorbed with her own thoughts. "It was great talking to you -"

"Rory" I reminded her.

"Okay, I get off here. I'll see you tomorrow!" She quickly hopped off the bus. I could see her running to catch up with another person in uniform - a blonde boy. As I stepped off, I could see them enter the school holding hands.

### Chapter 3 by -



Why do the cliché things always happen to me? Of course this Mishella has a boyfriend! Who wouldn't if they looked like her? There's no way I can get her now, as I learned from a group of nerds like me, she is dating the football quarterback. Of course. Another cliché.

Anyway, I befriended the nerd group, even though I vowed not to this year, because that is all I've ever known. Maybe I can change this year... Show people I'm not just a nerd. Maybe I can become an athlete, get a girlfriend, and live happily ever after. The end.

Ha. Yeah right. Like that would ever happen. Such cliché for a boy like me to wish to be a jock like the guy dating her. There's nothing I can do.

Anyway, I walk over to the nerd table at lunch and sat down at the end. Pretending to be lonely, because this always gets someone to sit with me. I look around, flashing my "big brown puppy-dog eyes" as my sister tells me. I don't have cute puppy eyes though. They're the color of poop. Like, who would ever think of this as "chocolate" or "puppy dog"? They're poop-color for nerd's sakes. Yes. I just said that. I am a nerd, as I told you, except a lot of people don't peg me as a nerd because I am quite attractive, not to brag.

Hey! Someone says, breaking me out of my thoughts. I look up to see Mishella sitting down across from me and her boyfriend.

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"Oh... Hi," I stammer, not

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and talk to the new kid.

"Sorry about this morning," Mishella starts, looking off at her boyfriend in the distance. "My head was just not here!" She looks at me and flashes the most beautiful smile I've ever seen. Her teeth as white a snow and as straight as a line. I bet she had braces once, just like me.

"Oh... That's ok" I say quietly. After that, she talks to me like were old pals or best buds. I've never met anyone so beautiful before in my life! But, I remind myself, she has a boyfriend. A boyfriend that you could never compete with. A boyfriend that is everything a girl ever wants. Nothing like a nerd. Nothing like me.

#### Chapter 4 by -



When she gets up to go, she gives me a sweet smile and says "We'll have to eat together more often!" And then she gave a quick wink and walked away, her short school uniform skirt swaying back and forth, swinging against her legs.

I was off the wall happy... It was unbelievable that she would even notice me, let alone talk to me for an hour! I went through the rest of my classes in a daze, not paying any attention to the lessons. As soon as school let out, I lingered near the bus until I saw Mishella step on. Then I hopped on and walked to where she was, pretending to not notice her.

"Rory? Hello again! Are we going to be riding the same bus twice everyday?!" She was wearing a broad grin, and had her hand on my arm. I nodded with a side smile and sat down.

We chatted the whole way, and she seemed to be genuinely happy to get to know me. She wondered why I had sat at the "nerdy" table, and said that she would introduce me to some of the guys in her group.

Before I got off the bus, she asked if I would be interested in trying baseball. She said that she played and wouldn't mind having someone to practice with.

I went into my room jumping with joy... And the next morning, I was up on time.

Chapter 5 by -



The two week was bliss. Heaven. I was in love and enjoyed every second of life.

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I joined the boys baseball team and practiced with Mishella after school. Soon, I was considered one of the best players on my team. This made it easier for me to enter the "cool" group. Mishella was able to introduce me to her friends as the "new ball star." It was the first time in my life that I wasn't called a nerd - and it was great!

But trouble started today. Mishella's tall blonde quarter-back boyfriend came home from his football tour. It had taken him out of the country for a couple weeks.

At first, he was so busy bragging about himself, that he didn't even notice me - the new kid in the group. But when Mishella wasn't interested in listening to Brock's stories, and said she had prior engagements after school, he grew suspicious.

## Chapter 6 by Charlotte



Brock. He stared at me from across the lunch table now. While Mishella was chatting, he was examining me up and down with his eyes as if he was scanning me. Whenever he was around, all my glory faded away into his blonde hair. I was behind Mishella on the bus going to our seat when Brock shoved past me and took the seat beside her. Mishella mouthed 'Sorry' as I turned and sat with Garret, who was practically the head of the nerds.

"Welcome back!" Garret said, putting his solved Rubics cube aside.

"Hopefully I'm not back for good." I said staring at Brock and Mishella. Garret frowned.

"Girl trouble?" Garret asked. I nodded. For the rest of the bus ride I listened to Garret tell me all about his experience with girls and how he has good advice. I didn't pay attention. I only paid attention to the little things that probably meant nothing to her but everything to me. Like when Brock put his arm around her or when Mishella giggled and flashed her radiant smile at him. Jealousy flooded my face as I walked fast out of the bus. Instead of saying my usual goodbyes to Mishella, I just kept my head down and silently walked into my house. For a second, I turned my head back and tried to sport Mishella but all I could see was Brock smirking at me with his chapped lips and yellow teeth. I lay on my bed and stared at my ceiling. I was no longer the "New ball star". Everything seemed to crumble until I got a call from Mishella.

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I gave a snarl at first - *Mishella, what can she want?* I resisted the urge to turn the phone off and instead, answered it.

"Rory here..."

"Hey, um... It's Mishella. I'm sorry about what happened today. I had no other choice, he is... So... *Forceful*. Can we still meet for ball practice tomorrow?"

"Ya, sure... I mean, so long as I won't be in your way." I couldn't resist making her apologize again.

"Rory, no really! I want you to just ignore Brock... Anything I do with him is only for appearances sake. I don't know what he or his friends would do if I outright dumped him... It's because - because I am scared that I can't let him go." Mishella's voice grew more and more shaky as she spoke. I could tell that she meant every word of what she was saying.

"Ya, I think I get the picture. If you ever need any help... Just, uh, just let me know, okay?" I felt concerned for her now.

After we hung up, I couldn't shake off this feeling of incoming danger. What if Mishella was actually in some sort of an abusive relationship with Brock, and that is why she was scared to break up with him?

I needed to figure out what her real status was with Brock, before it was too late and he did something to hurt her.

## Chapter 8 by Charlotte



The next morning I almost forgot it was Saturday. I got dressed and ready to go only to realize that I had no where *to* go. I decided to go out for lunch at a café down the street. I needed to think things over. When I walked into the almost empty café I saw Mishella and Brock ordering at the counter. The bell on the door rang but luckily neither of them heard me. I snuck towards the restrooms and hid, hoping to hear some of their conversation. They sat down at a booth

against the wall. I moved to sit near them with my back turned towards their table. Now I had to wait.

"Why did you order a salad? I like you some where you like and you order a basic salad?" Brock said to Mishella.

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"You know that I'm trying to be healthy. Why does it matter?" Mishella weakly muttered to Brock. Brock sighed as I heard their plates hit the table.

"Can I please get some salad dressing with this?" I heard Mishella ask the waitress.

"Um, no she's fine." Brock said to the waitress and motioned her away.

"I wanted dressing" Mishella said quietly.

"I thought you were trying to be healthy, huh?" Brock said. I saw him shove her shoulder in the corner of my eye.

"I've got to go to the bathroom" Mishella said, quietly getting up from her seat. Brock got up as well.

"Me too" he said, shoving her to the door. Mishella entered the bathroom and Brock waited outside. With a quick glance around, Brock spotted me at the table. When Mishella came out of the bathroom, Brock shoved her back in, following her this time. I got up from my seat and sprinted in after them. Brock had Mishella against pinned against a wall.

"You think you can bring lover-boy to spy on us? Huh? You think he'll protect you?" Brock yelled to Mishella. I ran into Brock knocking him to the ground. Mishella wiped her tears off her pale face and tried to get me to stop. I had Brock pinned to the ground in an arm lock.

"Yeah, I think I can protect her" I said to him.

"Brock. I'm done. It's over." Mishella said and she grabbed my arm and pulled me out of the café.

"Thank you" Mishella said. It was almost as if a weight was lifted off her shoulders. She walked towards her car and before she got inside she said, "See you soon, 'New ball star'" she grinned and drove off.

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Luna

3 months ago

dangggggggggggggg

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